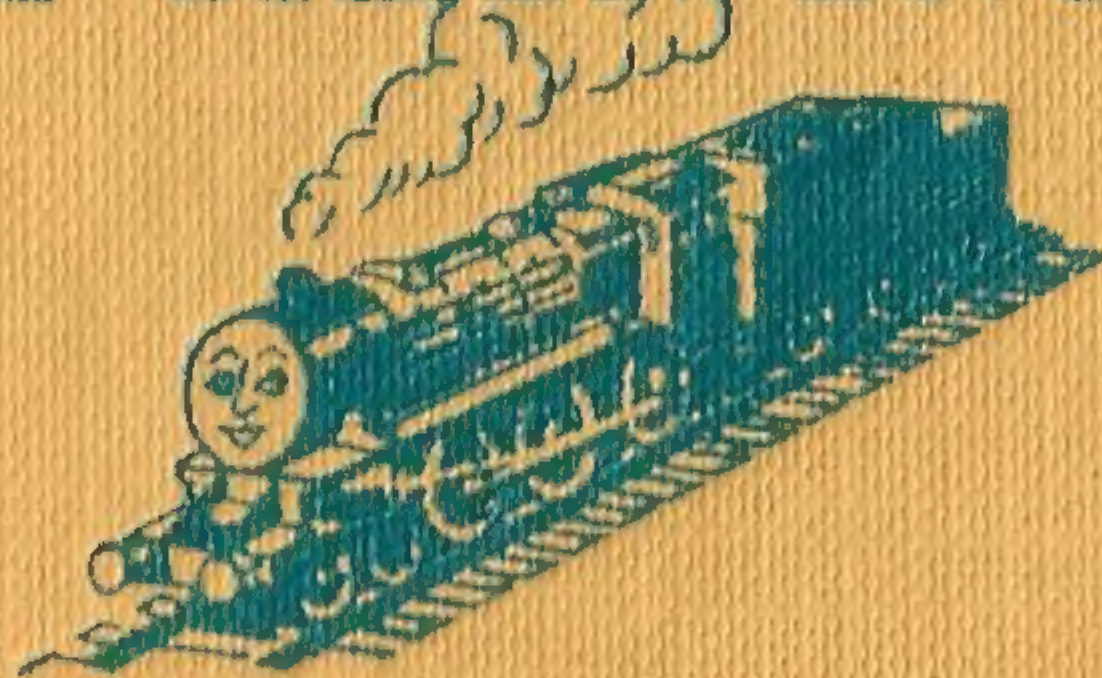
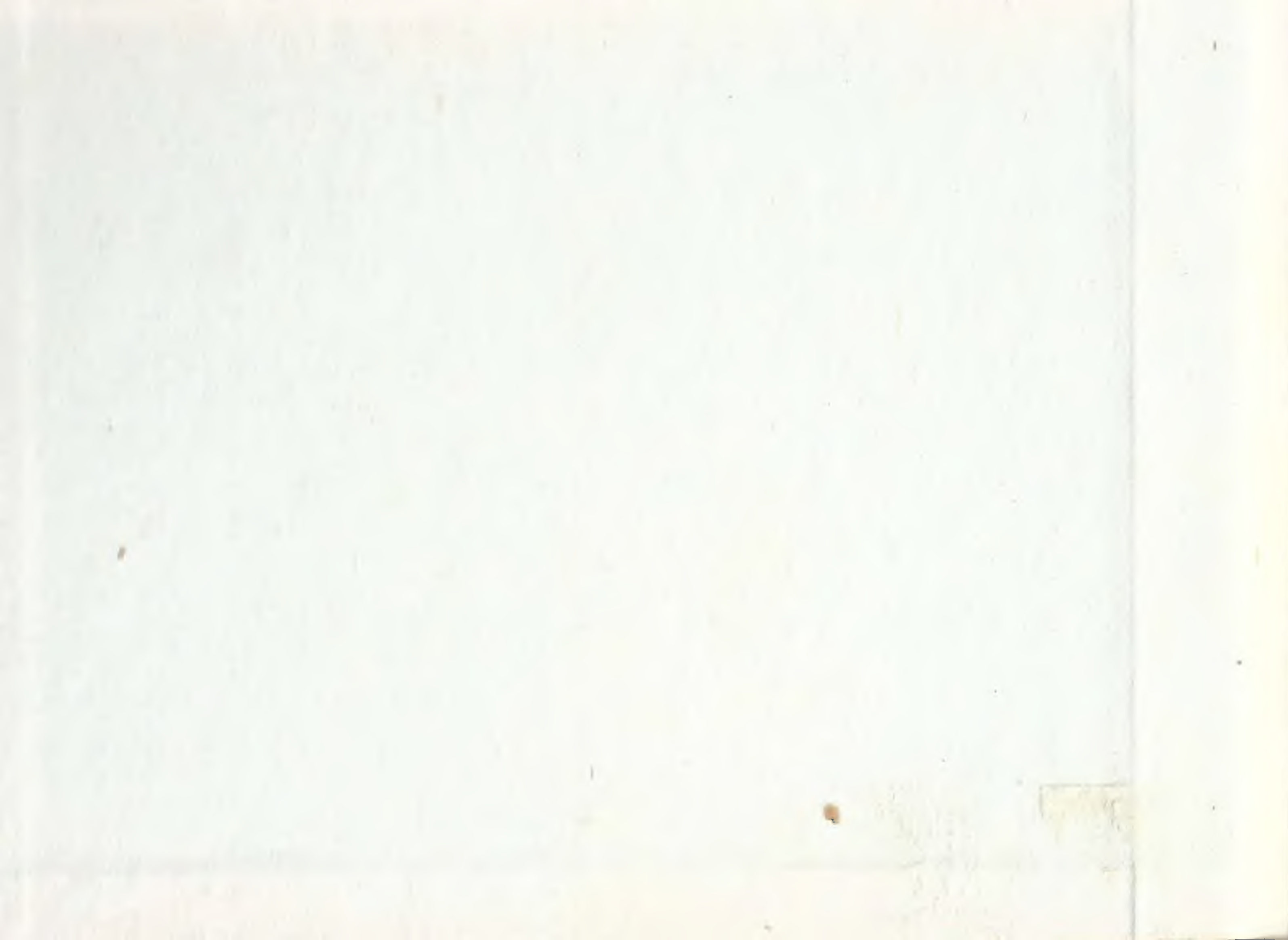


HENRY THE GREEN ENGINE





Railway Series, No. 6

HENRY, THE GREEN ENGINE

by

THE REV. W. AWDRY

with illustrations by
C. REGINALD DALBY



EDMUND WARD

16 NEW STREET, LEICESTER, ENGLAND

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR:

OUR CHILD BEGINS TO PRAY

*A book for young parents who wish for guidance
in teaching their children how to pray*

(For the other titles in the RAILWAY SERIES, see page 64)

DEAR FRIENDS,

Here is more news from the Region. All the engines now have numbers as well as names; you will see them in the pictures. They are as follows: THOMAS 1, EDWARD 2, HENRY 3, GORDON 4, JAMES 5, PERCY 6.

Then I expect you were sorry for Henry who was often ill and unable to work. He gave Sir Topham Hatt (who is, of course, our Fat Controller) a lot of worry. Now Henry has a new shape and is ready for anything. These stories tell you all about it.

THE AUTHOR

Coal

“**I** SUFFER dreadfully, and no one cares.”

“**Rubbish, Henry,**” snorted James, “you don’t work hard enough.”

Henry was bigger than James, but smaller than Gordon. Sometimes he could pull trains; sometimes he had no strength at all.

The Fat Controller spoke to him too. “You are too expensive, Henry. You have had lots of new parts and new paint too, but they’ve done you no good. If we can’t make you better, we must get another engine instead of you.”

This made Henry, his Driver, and his Fireman very sad.



The Fat Controller was waiting when Henry came to the platform. He had taken off his hat and coat, and put on overalls.

He climbed to the footplate and Henry started.

“Henry is a ‘bad steamer,’” said the Fireman. “I build up his fire, but it doesn’t give enough heat.”

Henry tried very hard, but it was no good. He had not enough steam, and they stopped outside Edward’s station.

“Oh dear!” thought Henry sadly, “I shall have to go away.”



Edward took charge of the train. Henry stopped behind.

“What do you think is wrong, Fireman?” asked the Fat Controller.

The Fireman mopped his face. “Excuse me, sir,” he answered, “but the coal is wrong. We’ve had a poor lot lately, and today it’s worse. The other engines can manage; they have big fireboxes. Henry’s is small and can’t make the heat. With Welsh coal he’d be a different engine.”

“It’s expensive,” said the Fat Controller thoughtfully, “but Henry must have a fair chance. James shall go and fetch some.”



When the Welsh coal came, Henry's Driver and Fireman were excited.

"Now we'll show them, Henry old fellow!" They carefully oiled all his joints and polished his brass till it shone like gold.

His fire had already been lit, so the Fireman "made it" carefully.

He put large lumps of coal like a wall round the outside. Then he covered the glowing middle part with smaller lumps.

"You're spoiling my fire," complained Henry.

"Wait and see," said the Fireman. "We'll have a roaring fire just when we want it."



He was right. When Henry reached the platform, the water was boiling nicely, and he had to let off steam, to show how happy he was. He made such a noise that the Fat Controller came out to see him.

“How are you, Henry?”

“Pip peep peep!” whistled Henry, “I feel fine!”

“Have you a good fire, Driver?”

“Never better sir, *and* plenty of steam.”

“No record breaking,” warned the Fat Controller, smiling. “Don’t push him too hard.”

“Henry won’t need pushing, sir; I’ll have to hold him back.”



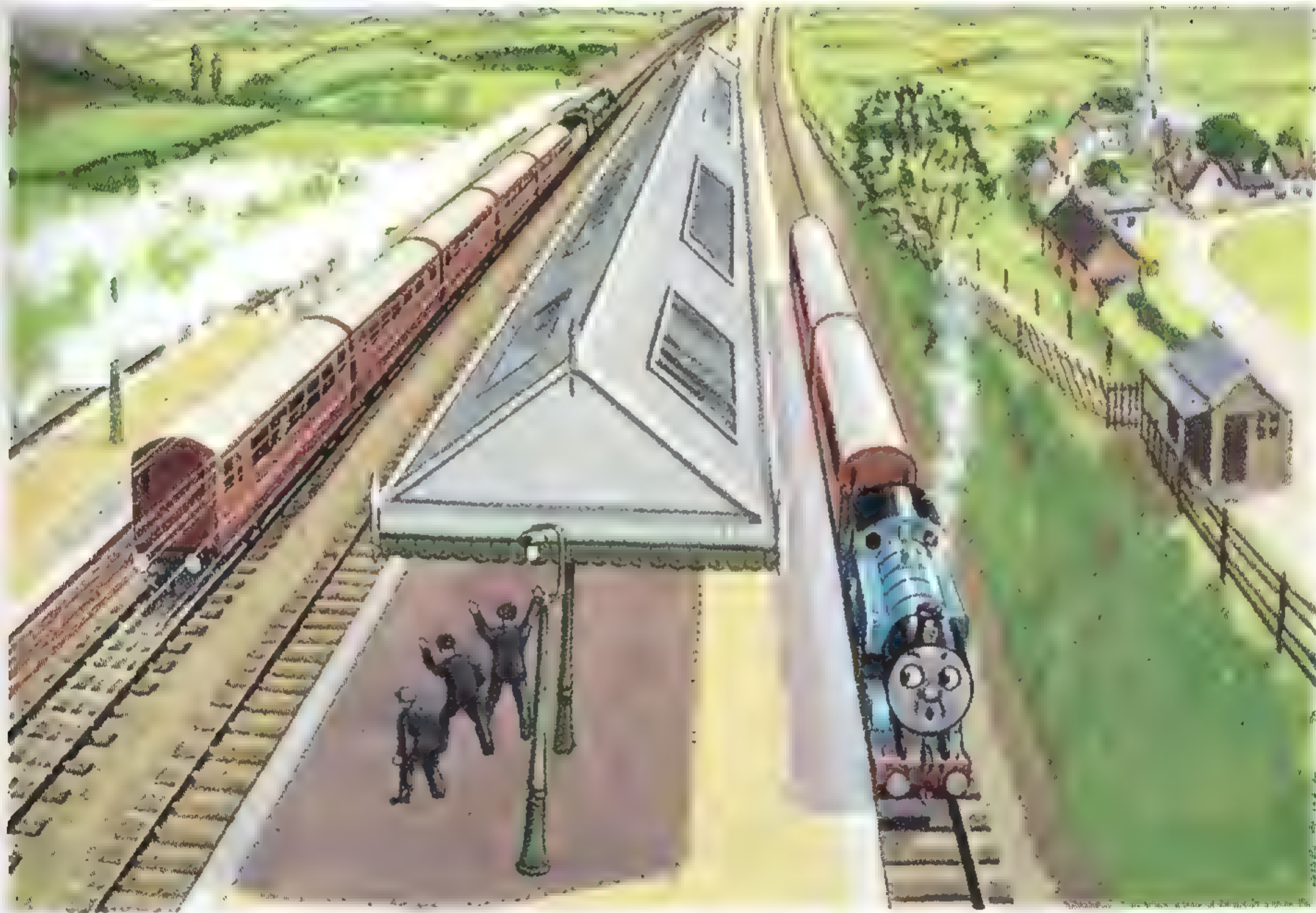
Henry had a lovely day. He had never felt so well in his life. He wanted to go fast, but his Driver wouldn't let him. "Steady old fellow," he would say, "there's plenty of time."

They arrived early at the Junction.

"Where have you been, lazibones?" asked Henry, when Thomas puffed in, "I can't wait for dawdling Tank-Engines like you! Good-bye!"

"Whoooosh!" said Thomas to Annie and Clarabel as Henry disappeared, "have you ever seen anything like it?"

Both Annie and Clarabel agreed that they never had.



The Flying Kipper

LOTS OF SHIPS use the harbour at the big station by the sea. The passenger ships have spotless paint and shining brass. Other ships, though smaller and dirtier, are important too. They take coal, machinery and other things abroad, and bring back meat, timber and things we need.

Fishing boats also come there. They unload their fish on the quay. Some of it is sent to shops in the town, and some goes in a special train to other places far away.

The railwaymen call this train "The Flying Kipper."

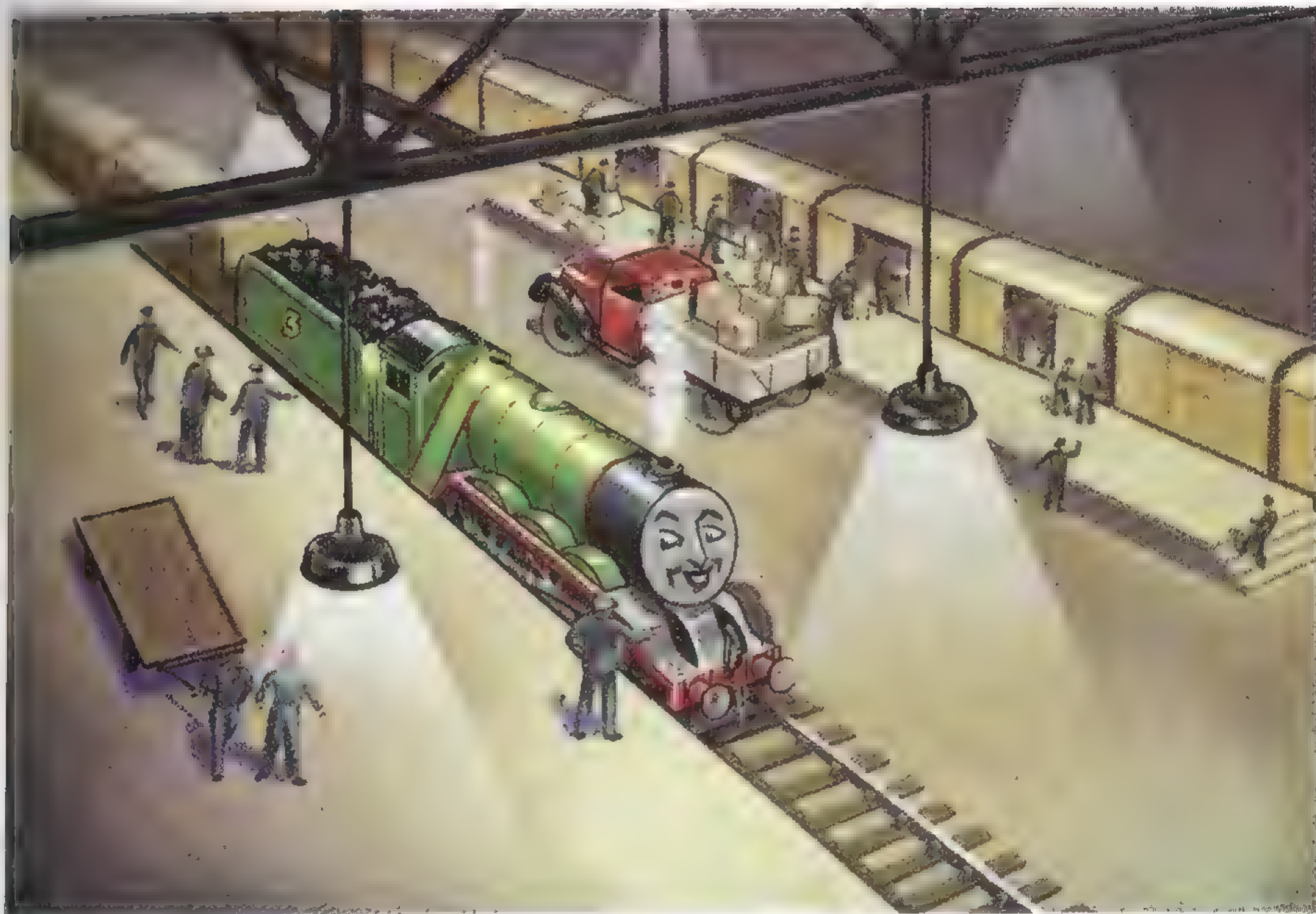


One winter evening Henry's Driver said: "We'll be out early tomorrow. We've got to take 'The Flying Kipper'."

"Don't tell Gordon," he whispered, "but I think if we pull the 'Kipper' nicely, the Fat Controller will let us pull the Express."

"Hurrah!" cried Henry, excited. "That will be lovely."

He was ready at 5 o'clock. There was snow and frost. Men hustled and shouted, loading the vans with crates of fish. The last door banged, the Guard showed his green lamp, and they were off.



“Come on! Come on! dontbesilly!—dontbesilly!” puffed Henry to the vans, as his wheels slipped on the icy rails.

The vans shuddered and groaned. “Trock, Trick, Trock, Trick; all right, all right,” they answered grudgingly.

“That is better, that is better,” puffed Henry more happily, as the train began to gather speed.

Thick clouds of smoke and steam poured from his funnel into the cold air; and when his Fireman put on more coal, the fire’s light shone brightly on the snow around.



“Hurry, hurry, hurry,” panted Henry.

They hooshed under bridges, and clattered through stations, green signal-lights showing as they passed.

They were going well, the light grew better and a yellow signal appeared ahead.

“Distant signal — up,” thought Henry, “caution.” His Driver, shutting off steam, prepared to stop, but the home signal was down. “All clear, Henry; away we go.”

They couldn’t know the points from the main line to a siding were frozen, and that that signal had been set at “danger.” A fall of snow had forced it down.



A goods train waited in the siding to let “The Flying Kipper” pass. The Driver and Fireman were drinking cocoa in the brake-van.

The Guard pulled out his watch. “The ‘Kipper’ is due,” he said.

“Who cares?” said the Fireman. “This is good cocoa.”

The Driver got up, “Come on Fireman, back to our engine.”

“Hey!” the Fireman grumbled, “I haven’t finished my cocoa yet.”

A sudden crash—the brake-van broke—the three men shot in the air like Jacks-in-the-box, and landed in the snow outside.



Henry's Driver and Fireman jumped clear before the crash. The Fireman fell head first into a heap of snow. He kicked so hard that the Driver couldn't pull him out.

Henry sprawled on his side. He looked surprised. The goods train Fireman waved his empty mug.

"You clumsy great engine! The best cup of cocoa I've ever had, and you bump into me and spill it all!"

"Never mind your cocoa, Fireman," laughed his Driver, "run and telephone the breakdown gang."



The gang soon cleared the line, but they had hard work lifting Henry to the rails.

The Fat Controller came to see him.

“The signal was down, sir,” said Henry nervously.

“Cheer up, Henry! It wasn’t your fault. Ice and snow caused the accident. I’m sending you to Crewe, a fine place for sick engines. They’ll give you a new shape and a larger firebox. Then you’ll feel a different engine, and won’t need special coal any more. Won’t that be nice?”

“Yes, sir,” said Henry doubtfully.



Henry liked being at Crewe, but was glad to come home.

A crowd of people waited to see him arrive in his new shape. He looked so splendid and strong that they gave him three cheers.

“Peep peep pippippeep! Thank you very much,” he whistled happily.

I am sorry to say that a lot of little boys are often late for school because they wait to see Henry go by!

They often see him pulling the express; and he does it so well that Gordon is jealous. But that is another story.



Gordon's Whistle

GORDON was cross.

“Why should Henry have a new shape?” he grumbled. “A shape good enough for ME is good enough for him. He goes gallivanting off to Crewe, leaving us to do his work. It’s disgraceful!”

“And there’s another thing. Henry whistles too much. No *respectable* engine ever whistles loudly at stations.”

“It isn’t wrong,” said Gordon, “but we just don’t do it.”

Poor Henry didn’t feel happy any more.

“Never mind,” whispered Percy, “I’m glad you are home again; I like your whistling.”



“Goodbye, Henry,” called Gordon next morning as he left the shed. “We are glad to have you with us again, but be sure and remember what I said about whistling.”

Later on Henry took a slow train, and presently stopped at Edward’s station.

“Hullo Henry,” said Edward, “you look splendid; I was pleased to hear your happy whistle yesterday.”

“Thank you, Edward,” smiled Henry . . .
“Sh Sh! Can you hear something?”

Edward listened—far away, but getting louder and louder, was the sound of an engine’s whistle.



“It sounds like Gordon,” said Edward, “and it ought to be Gordon, but Gordon never whistles like that.”

It *was* Gordon.

He came rushing down the hill at a tremendous rate. He didn't look at Henry, and he didn't look at Edward; he was purple in the boiler, and whistling fit to burst.

He screamed through the station and disappeared.

“Well!!!” said Edward, looking at Henry.

“It isn't wrong,” chuckled Henry, “but we just don't do it,” and he told Edward what Gordon had said.



Meanwhile Gordon screeched along the line. People came out of their houses, air-raid sirens started, five fire brigades got ready to go out, horses upset their carts, and old ladies dropped their parcels.

At a big station the noise was awful. Porters and passengers held their ears. The Fat Controller held his ears too; he gave a lot of orders, but no one could hear them, and Gordon went on whistling. At last he clambered into Gordon's cab.

“Take him away,” he bellowed, “**AND STOP THAT NOISE!**”



Still whistling, Gordon puffed sadly away.

He whistled as he crossed the points; he whistled on the siding; he was still whistling as the last deafened passenger left the station.

Then two fitters climbed up and knocked his whistle valve into place——

—— and there was SILENCE.

Gordon slunk into the shed. He was glad it was empty.

The others came in later. “It isn’t wrong,” murmured Henry to no one in particular, “but we just don’t do it.”

No one mentioned whistles!



Percy and the Trousers

ON COLD MORNINGS Percy often saw workmen wearing scarves.

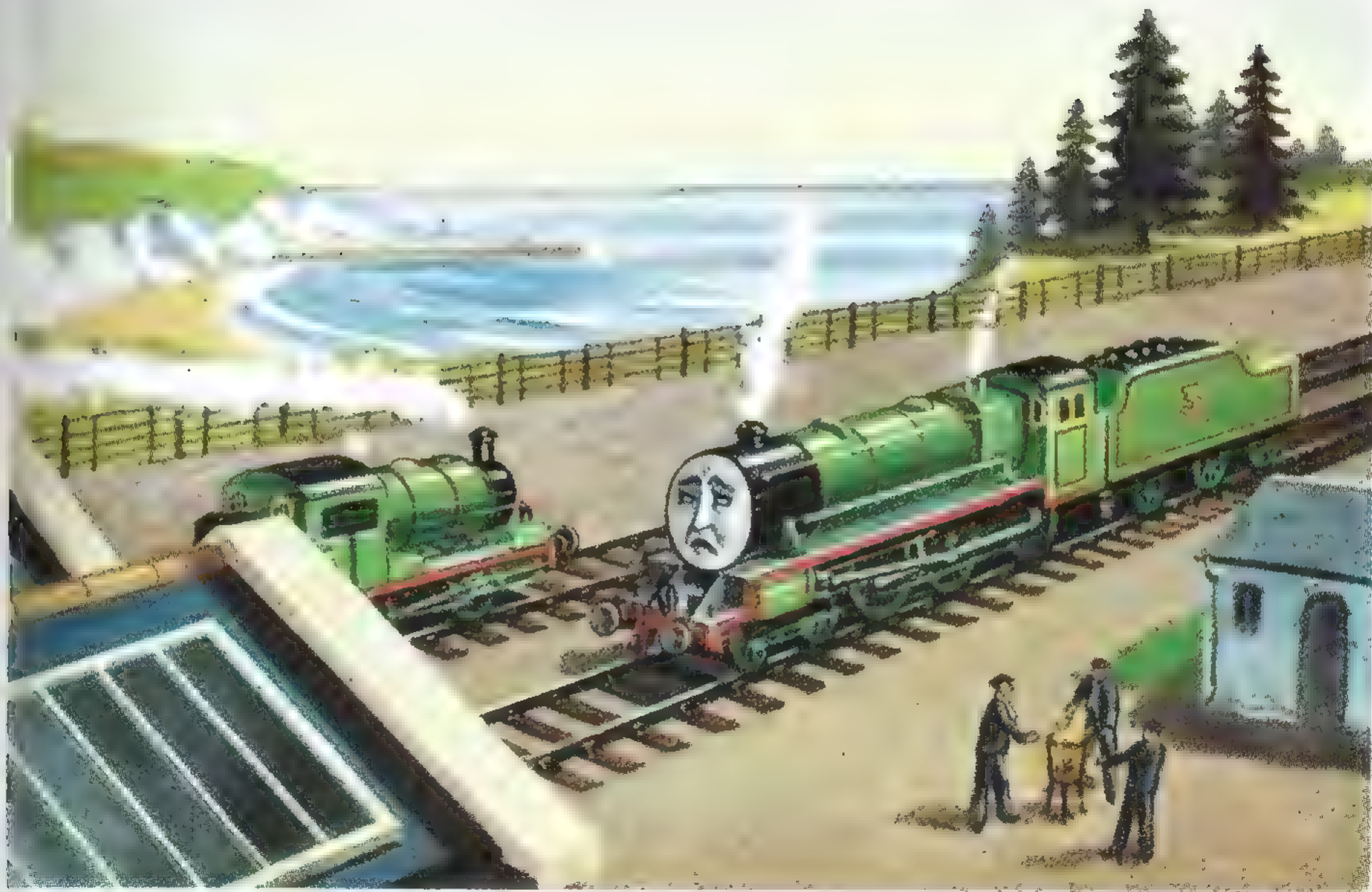
“My funnel’s cold, my funnel’s cold!” he would puff; “I want a scarf, I want a scarf.”

“Rubbish, Percy,” said Henry one day, “engines don’t want scarves!”

“Engines with proper funnels do,” said Percy in his cheeky way. “You’ve only got a small one!”

Henry snorted; he was proud of his short, neat funnel.

Just then a train came in and Percy, still puffing “I want a scarf, I want a scarf,” went to take the coaches to their siding.

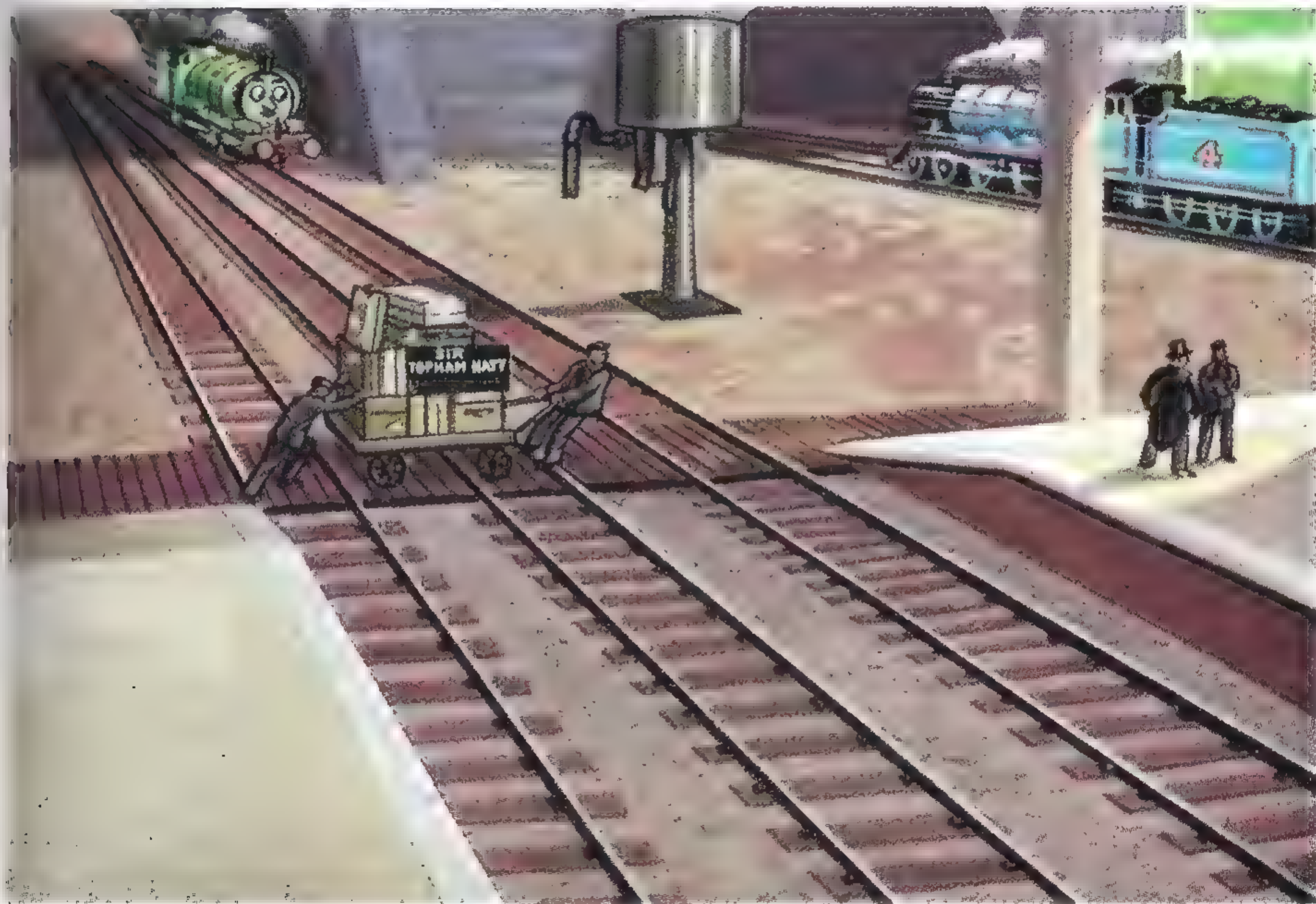


His Driver always shut off steam just outside the station, and Percy would try to surprise the coaches by coming in as quietly as he could.

Two porters were taking some luggage across the line. They had a big load and were walking backwards, to see that none fell off the trolley.

Percy arrived so quietly that the porters didn't hear him till the trolley was on the line. The porters jumped clear. The trolley disappeared with a crunch.

Boxes and bags burst in all directions.



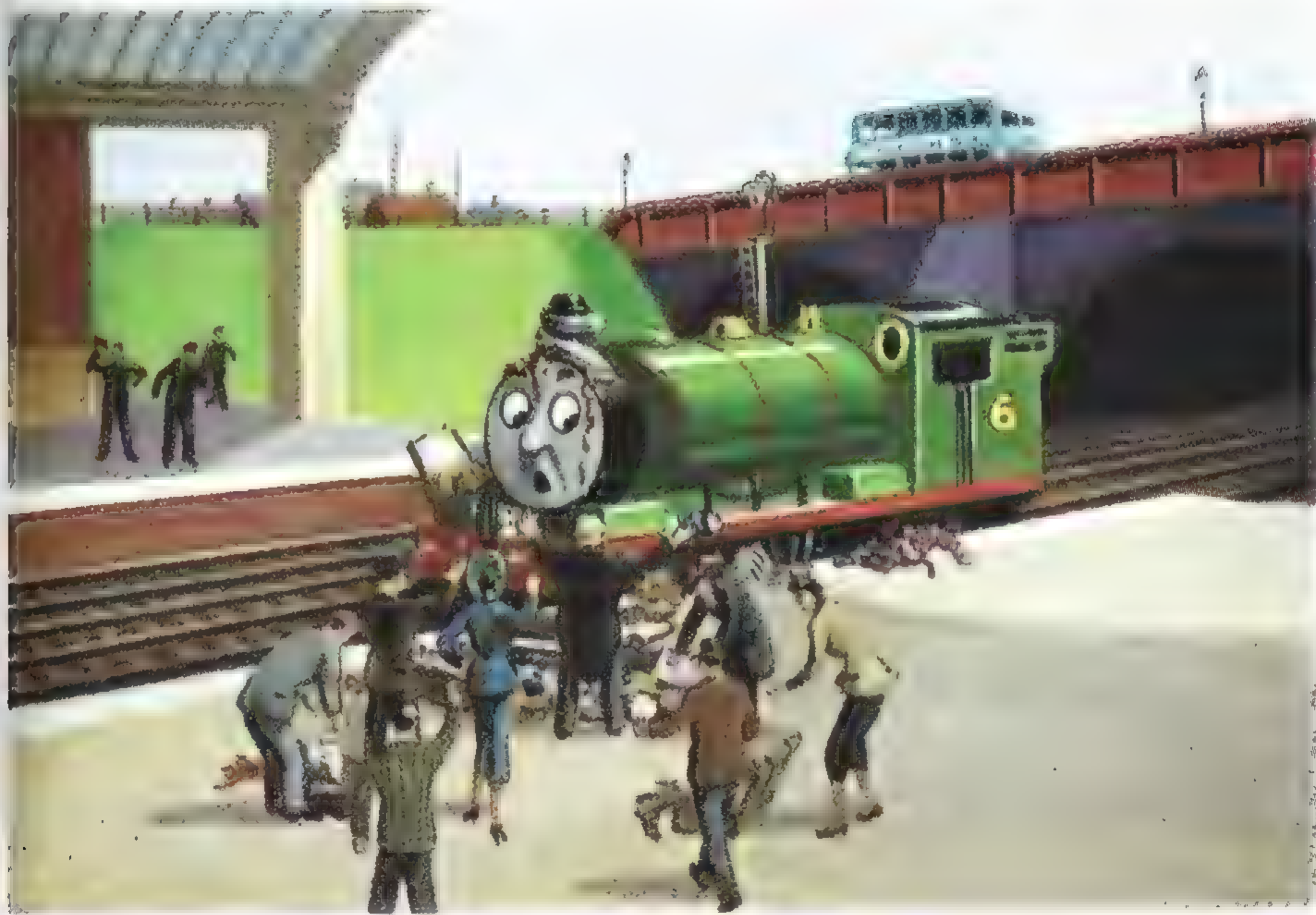
“Oo —— oohe ——r!” groaned Percy and stopped. Sticky streams of red and yellow jam trickled down his face. A top hat hung on his lamp-iron. Clothes, hats, boots, shoes, skirts and blouses stuck to his front. A pair of striped trousers coiled lovingly round his funnel. They were grey no longer!

Angry passengers looked at their broken trunks. The Fat Controller seized the top hat.

“Mine!” he said crossly.

“Percy,” he shouted, “look at this.”

“Yes sir, I am sir,” a muffled voice replied.



“My best trousers too!”

“Yes sir, please sir,” said Percy nervously.

“I am very cross,” said the Fat Controller.

“We must pay the passengers for their spoilt clothes. My hat is dented, and my trousers are ruined, all because you *will* come into the station as if you were playing ‘Grandmother’s Steps’ with the coaches.”

The Driver unwound the trousers.

The Fat Controller waved them away.

“Percy wanted a scarf; he shall have my trousers for a scarf; they will keep him warm.”

Percy wore them back to the yard.

He doesn’t like scarves now!



Henry's Sneeze

ONE LOVELY SATURDAY MORNING, Henry was puffing along. The sun shone, the fields were green, the birds sang; Henry had plenty of steam in his boiler, and he was feeling happy.

“I feel so well, I feel so well,” he sang.

“Trickety trock, Trickety trock,” hummed his coaches.

Henry saw some boys on a bridge.

“Peep! Peep! Hullo!” he whistled cheerfully.

“Peep! Peep! Peeeep!” he called the next moment. “Oh! Oh! Oooh!” For the boys didn’t wave and take his number; they dropped stones on him instead.

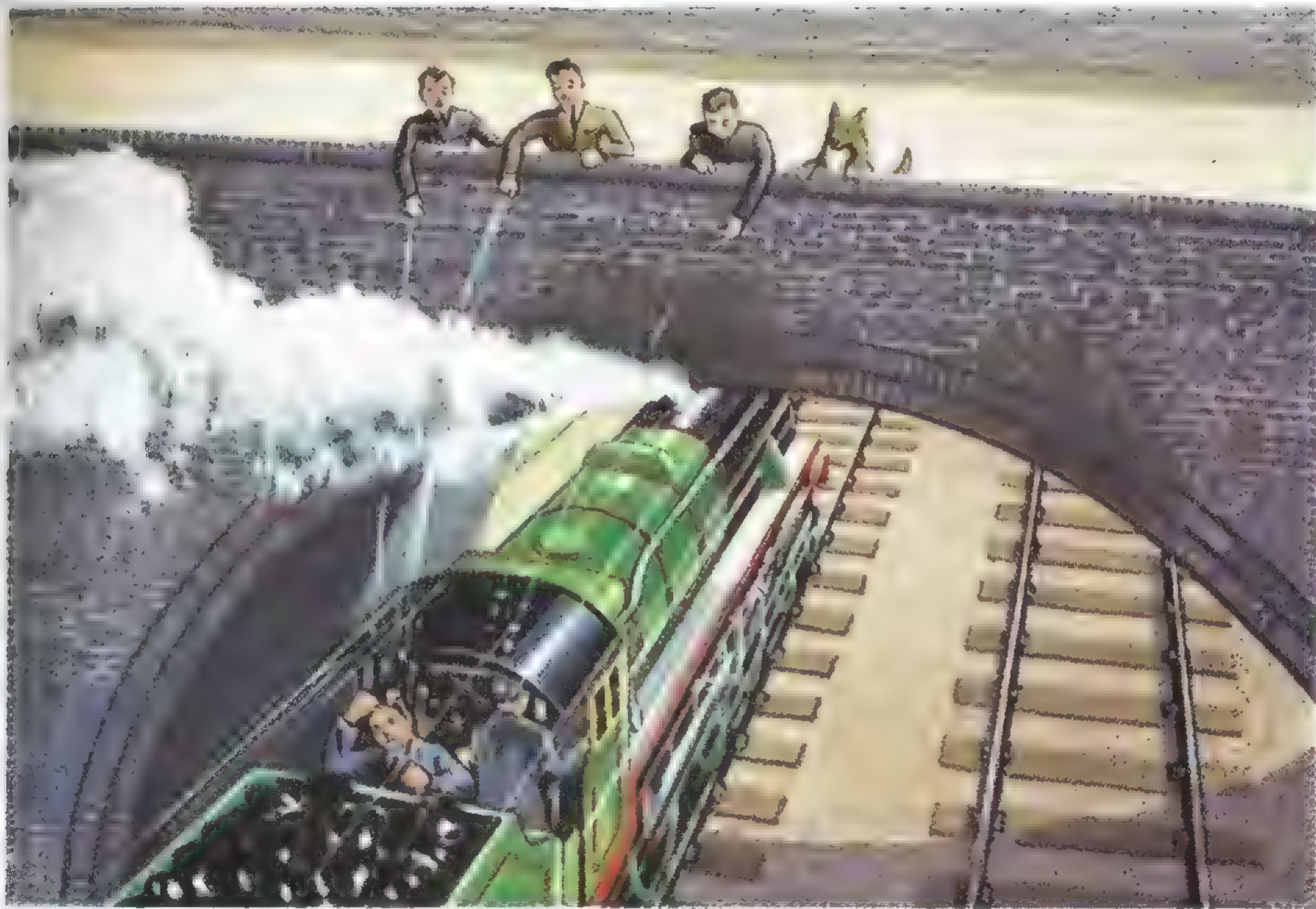


They were silly, stupid boys who thought it would be fun to drop stones down his funnel. Some of the stones hit Henry's boiler and spoilt his paint; one hit the Fireman on the head as he was shovelling coal, and others broke the carriage windows.

"It's a shame, it's a shame," hissed Henry.

"They've broken our glass, they've broken our glass," sobbed the coaches.

The Driver opened the first-aid box, bandaged the Fireman's head, and planned what he was going to do.



They stopped the train and the Guard asked if any passengers were hurt. No one was hurt, but everyone was cross. They saw the Fireman's bumped head, and told him what to do for it, and they looked at Henry's paint.

"Call the Police," they shouted angrily.

"No!" said the Driver, "leave it to Henry and me. We'll teach those lads a lesson."

"What will you do?" they asked.

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes, yes," they all said.

"Well then," said the Driver, "Henry is going to sneeze at them."



“What!” cried all the passengers.

The Driver laughed. “Henry draws air in through his fire, and puffs it out with smoke and steam. When he puffs hard, the air blows ashes from his fire into his smoke box, and these ashes sometimes prevent him puffing properly.

“When your nose is blocked, you sometimes sneeze. If Henry’s smoke box is blocked, I can make air and steam blow the ashes out through his funnel.

“We will do it at the bridge and startle those boys.”



Henry pulled on to the terminus, where he had a rest. Then he took the train back. Lots of people were waiting at the station just before the bridge. They wanted to see what would happen.

“Henry has plenty of ashes,” said the Driver. “Please keep all windows shut till we have passed the bridge. Henry is as excited as we are, aren’t you old fellow?” and he patted Henry’s boiler.

Henry didn’t answer; he was feeling “stuffed up,” but he winked at his Driver, like this.



The Guard's flag waved, his whistle blew, and they were off. Soon in the distance they saw the bridge. There were the boys, and they all had stones.

“Are you ready, Henry?” said his Driver.
“Sneeze hard when I tell you.”

“NOW!” he said, and turned the handle.

“Atisha Atisha Atishoooooooooh!”

Smoke and steam and ashes spouted from his funnel. They went all over the bridge, and all over the boys who ran away as black as niggers.

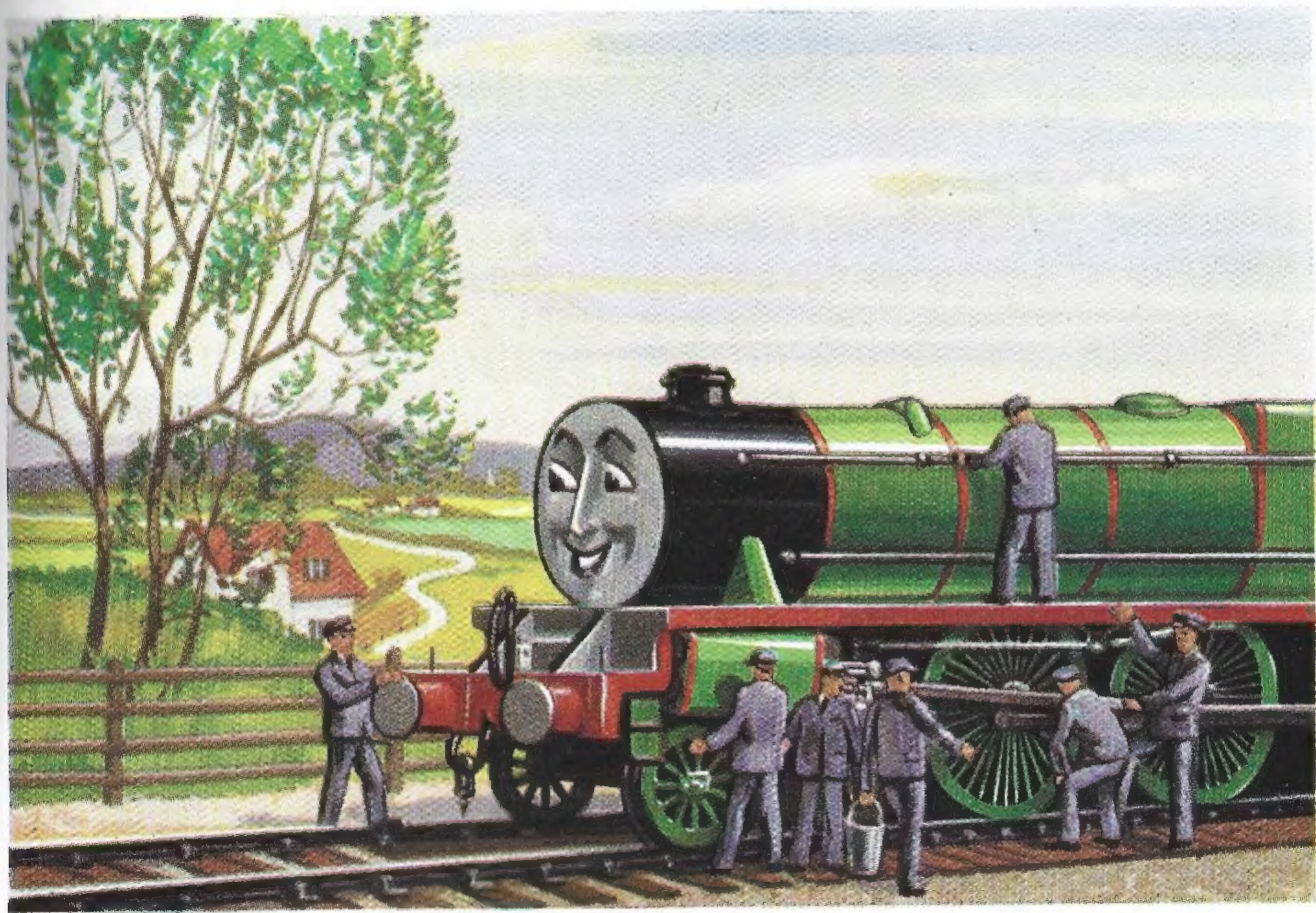


“Well done, Henry,” laughed his Driver, “they won’t drop stones on engines again.”

“Your coat is all black, but we’ll rub you down and paint your scratches and you’ll be as good as new tomorrow.”

Henry has never again sneezed under a bridge. The Fat Controller doesn’t like it. His smoke box is always cleaned in the yard while he is resting.

He has now gone under more bridges than he can count; but from that day to this there have been no more boys with stones.



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